AN ODE OF VERSES

On the much-lamented Death of the

Rev. Mr. GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

Late Chaplain to the Countess of Huntingdon;

Who departed this Life, at Newbury near Boston in New England, on the Thirtieth of September, 1770, in the Fifty-seventh Year of his Age.

Compos'd in America by a Negro Girl Seventeen Years of Age, and sent over to a Gentleman of Character in London.

Hail, Happy Saint, on thy Immortal Throne! To thee Complaints of Grievance are known.

We hear no more the Music of thy Tongue,

Thy winterAuditories cease to throng.

Thy Lamentations in unequal Accents flow'd,

While Emulation in each Boston glow'd.

Thou didst, in Strains of Eloquence refin'd,

Inflame the Soul, and captivate the Mind.

Unhappy we thy setting Sun deplore,

Which once was splendid, but it shines no more.

He leaves the Earth for Heaven's unfathom'd Height,

And Worlds unknown receive him out of Sight.

There Whitefield wings with rapid Course his Way,

And falls to Zion's vaulted Seats of Day.

When his Americans were burden'd sore,

When Streets were crimson'd with their guiltless Gore,

Wondrous Compassion in his Breast now flow'd,

The Fruit thereof was Charity and Love.

Towards America what could he more!

Than leave his native Home, the British Shore,

To cross the Great Atlantic wat'ry Road,

To see New England's much-dread'd Abode.

Thy Prayers, great Saint, and thy importunate Cries,

Have often pier'd the Bosphor of the Skies.

Thou, Moni, hast seen, and thou, bright Star of Light,

Hast Witsack been of his Requests by Night.

He pray'd for Grace in ev'ry Heart to dwell,

He long'd to see America excel.

He charg'd its Youth to let the Grace Divine

Arise, and in their future Actions shine.

He offer'd that he did himself receive;

A greater Gift my God himself could give.

He urg'd the Need of Him to ev'ry one,

It was no less than God's co-equal Son.

Take him, ye Wretches, for your own Good;

Take him, ye hungry Souls, to be your Food;

Take him, ye Thirsty, for your cooling Stream;

Ye Preachers, take him for your joyful Theme;

Take him, my dear Americans, he said,

Be your Complaints in his kind Boston laid;

Take him, ye sufferers, he longs for you,

Impartial Saviour is his Title due.

If you will walk in Grace's heavenly Road,

He'll make you free, and Kings, and Priests to God.

No more can he exert his lab'ring breath,

Seiz'd by the cruel Maelstrom of Death.

What can be his dear America return,

But drop a Tear upon his happy urn.

Thou, Tomb, shalt safe retain thy sacred Trust,

Till Life Divine reanimate his Dull.

Our Whitefield the Haven he gain'd

Oxifying the Tempest and Wind;

His Reclit he has forever claim'd,

And left his Companions behind.

With Songs let us follow his Flight,

And roose up with his Spirit above,

Eject'd to the Mountains of Light,

And lodg'd in the Land of Love.

The CONCLUSION.

May Whitefield's Virtues flourish with his Fame,

And Ages yet unborn record his Name.

All Praise and Glory be to God on High,

Whole dread Command is, That we all must die.

To live is Life eternal, may we emulate

The worthy Man that's gone, O'er his too late.

Printed and sold for the Benefit of a poor Family burnt out a few Weeks since near Newbury Church, that lost all they possessed, having nothing left.

Price a Penny apiece, or 3 s. a Hundred to sell, that will then go.